

The Young Man's Suit



This young man is just blooming into manhood and he looks to us for his clothes!

We know the young man's clothes requirements and we see he has what he ought to have.

We've new patterns and colorings in Suits, Smartly Cut and Tailored.

Coat just the correct length and cut to fit the form, some with patch pockets. Soft, wide, roll lapels. Trousers a little narrow with cuffs.

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\$10.00, \$12.50
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It's never a bit of trouble to show Young Men the sort of garments we have for them.

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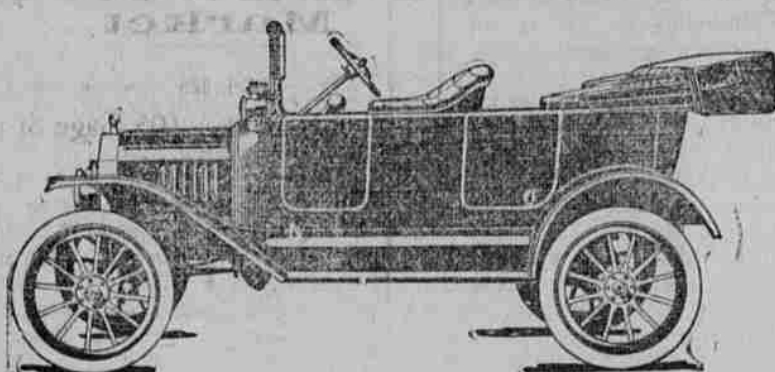
Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

These Wicked Cases in Marlboro So.

Things have come to a desperate pass in Windham county, Vermont and it is decidedly fortunate that a holiday next week will enable the philanthropists, heronabouts to go to the rescue, Marlboro South pond, we are told by the unusually reliable Brattleboro Phoenix, is sharply "infested" with black bass. Conditions have been going from bad to worse so rapidly that the state fish and game commission, which has been obliged to take cognizance of them, has announced that the open season on these fish may be disregarded and that there is to be henceforth no limit to the size of number that may be taken. "Some misguided person," says the Phoenix, "years ago placed bass in the pond." It is not stated what punishment was meted out to this miscreant, so that we are left in doubt as to whether he is now languishing in prison, or managed to escape detection. But that is beside the question. "Marlboro So." cannot be abundant to its late. These ferocious funny pirates of the fly pads must be hunted out and exterminated if every split bamboo and lancewood rod in New England is shattered in the attempt, and we shall miss a guess if the hardy anglers of Massachusetts do not respond on Decoration day to the plea for aid. Up men, and at 'em.—Boston Transcript.

It's the little things that count. It's the start that counts most in life insurance. Start early, however, small the amount. National Life Ins. Co. of Vt. (Mutual) Earle S. Kinsley, General Agent, Mead Building, Rutland, Vt. Adv.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA



Barring the unforeseen every retail buyer of a new Ford car between August 1914 and August 1915, will receive from \$40 to \$60 as a share of the Ford Motor Company's profits.

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FRANK E. HOWE, Editor and Pub.

Monday, June 7, 1915.

The danger from forest fires that was commented on by the state papers several weeks ago, is being realized not only in Vermont, but all through the northern states. It is strange that men going into the woods and who show by so doing that they are interested in the attractions of out-of-doors will not always bear in mind the danger and damage from matches and small fires started for camp uses.

It is regrettable that Governor Gates allowed himself to be led astray and fall to reappoint Hugh H. Henry of Chester as commissioner of weights and measures. The duties of the commissioner of weights and measures are to try to secure for the people of Vermont honest weight and a fair count. He and his deputies watch over the use of scales and steelyards and measures of all kinds and through the diligence and fearlessness of Commissioner Hugh H. Henry the housewives and home owners of this state have been saved hundreds of thousands of dollars during the past four years. In so doing Mr. Henry has made himself generally hated by every crooked dealer whom he had caught defrauding the public and by a lot of others who didn't mean to be crooked, but who resented the action of the "settling" man to watch over them and try to keep them from yielding to temptation. Quite unjustly they vented their spite on the young commissioner who was merely doing his duty. In this way a lot of opposition was stirred up against Mr. Henry, but it is astonishing and disappointing that the governor of Vermont should yield to pressure of this kind.

DIDN'T GET A JOB.

But She Should Have Landed It If Nerve Was a Recommendation.
"I've seen a lot of good ones in my time, but believe me I caught one the other day that had 'em all skinned for nerve."
The speaker, a detective in one of the large downtown department stores, was leaning against the rail in a police court waiting for her case to be called.
"I spotted a woman whose action didn't just suit me. I trailed her for about ten minutes and then, presto she gulped on to a bar of five cent soap. That wasn't hardly enough in itself to hang a case on, so I kept my month shut and my eyes open as she made her way toward the elevator. When she got into the cage I was right behind her, and I almost stepped on her skirt as she tripped along the side toward the office."
"Apparently, as if in search of work, I played with a slip as she told the boss her story, and would you believe me, she was trying to get a job. She wanted to get a place in the soap department, saying that she had been a demonstrator for a large soap concern; that she was tired of the outdoor work and offered the bar of soap she had just stolen as evidence of the fact that she was an experienced saleswoman."
"I stood it as long as I could and then gave the superintendent the 'high sign' to 'cut' her. Can you beat that for nerve?"—Detroit Saturday Night.

GOT THE TRAIN STOPPED.

Two Attempts Were Dismal Failures, but the Third Won.

When the late Robert Bonner purchased Maud S, he sent her to Charter Oak park to be trained. One day a friend of Mr. Bonner left New York to visit him at the park, but found that the train did not stop at that station. The conductor was polite, but said that he could not go against orders.
At New Haven a halt was made and Mr. Bonner's friend tried to bribe the engineer with a ten dollar bill, but in vain. He was then told that Charles P. Clark, the president of the road, was on the train, and he went to him and politely requested that the stop be made.
"Why don't you see the conductor?" asked Mr. Clark.
"I have, but he will not disobey orders."
"Why not then go forward and bribe the engineer?"
"I tried bribery at New Haven, but it would not work."
The absence of evasion was the best policy. Mr. Clark not only gave orders to have the train stopped at Charter Oak, but promised some day to see Maud S. He had witnessed the attempt at bribery, and the frank confession of the offense seemed to please him.

Height of It.

"They say Mabel's husband is cruel to her."
"Brutal! He's never given her a chance to find fault with him since they've been married."—Baltimore American.

More Hotels and Better, in Vermont

It is encouraging to the hotel interests of the state that a recently re-modeled hotel at St. Johnsbury has been so well patronized during the past few months that there is quite a general desire that the building be enlarged so that the hotel would have about double its present capacity. The information is all the more encouraging in view of the fact that the rash of business has come during the months of the year when the number of hotel guests might reasonably be expected to be smaller than, for instance, during the summer months, when a large number of tourists are co. into the state. If this particular hotel at St. Johnsbury has been taxed for room during the months of the late winter and early spring, then it is to be expected that the business will be considerably augmented from the middle of June to the late weeks of autumn. Moreover, the conditions expected in St. Johnsbury are typical of the whole state; and hotel men from Derby Line to Stamford should be up and doing in preparation for catching the tourist business that promises to come this way. Incidentally, it is to be hoped that Barre's new and splendid hotel will have been completed in time to meet the extra demands that are going to be made upon Barre's entertaining facilities from the middle of June to the early fall. At the rate work is being rushed upon the structure, there is hope that the business will not have to be turned away for a very long time. When this structure is completed for occupancy Barre will be able to take its place in the chain of cities and towns in New England which are able to give accommodations to touring parties, as well as to the regular transient business.—Barre Times.

LAND FIGHTING NOT CLEAN.

The Naval Captain Preferred His Battles on the Open Sea.

When Vera Cruz was besieged in the Mexican war Captain Robert E. Lee, afterward the commander in chief of the Confederate army, was ordered to throw up breastworks to defend a battery manned by the jacks of a man-of-war. Lee put the tars into the trenches and soon had the dirt flying, but the sailors did not labor cheerfully. They resented having to shovel dirt, and their captain remonstrated openly with Lee.

"My men," he said, "do not want mud banks to hide behind; just let them get out and at the enemy."

But Lee would not listen, and the tars sweated away at the shoveling. Presently the Mexicans opened fire at the very point thus protected, and the sailors were glad to seek the shelter of the despised dirt. The ship's captain felt that he owed Lee an apology and made a handsome one.

"Well, Captain Lee," he stammered, "I reckon you were right. I suppose the dirt did save some of my boys from being killed or wounded, but you know we sailors have no use for dirt banks on shipboard. All we want is a clear deck and an open sea. The fact is, captain, I don't like this land fighting, anyway. It isn't clean."—Youth's Companion.

PACKING FOR A JOURNEY.

Here is a Scheme That May or May Not Be of Help.

Jerome K. Jerome recalled with reverence a habit of his maternal uncle, who was a great traveler and who, before packing for a journey, always "made a list." This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips.

Take a piece of paper and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well; put it down, together with a change. You got up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.
This is the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

Master of Many Tongues.

Edith Burritt, the "learned blacksmith," was born in Connecticut in 1810. Burritt taught himself French, Latin, German, Italian, Greek and Hebrew while an apprentice at the forge and in early manhood mastered Sanskrit, Syriac, Arabic, Norse, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Bohemian and Turkish. Chinese and minor languages were acquired later until he was able to read and write and speak in sixty different tongues.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.—We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
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The Editor!

Consider the editor. He wears a purple and fine linen. His abode is amongst the mansions of the rich. His wife bathes her limousine and his first-born sporteth a racing car that can hit her up at forty flat.

Lo! all the pen is breaketh their necks to hand him money. A child is born unto the wife of a merchant in the bazaar. The physician getteth ten golden plunks. The editor writeth a stick and a half and telleth the multitude that the child tipeth the beam at nine pounds. Yea, he leeth even as a centurion. And the proud father giveth him a Cremo.

Behold the young one groweth up and gradueth. And the editor putteth into his paper a swell notice. Yea, a peach of a notice. He telleth of the wisdom of the young woman, and of her exceeding comeliness. Like unto the roses of Sharon is she and her gown is played up to beat the band. And the dressmaker getteth two score and four iron men. And the editor getteth a note of thanks from the S. G. G.

The daughter goeth on a journey. And the editor throweth himself on the story of the farewell party. It runneth a column solid. And the fair one remembereth him from afar with a picture postal card that cometh six for a fifteen.

Behold, she returneth and the youth of the city fall down and worship. She picketh one, and lo, she picketh a lemon. But the editor calleth him one of our most promising young men and getteth away with it. And they send unto him a bid to the wedding feast and behold, the bids are fashioned by Muntgum-mery Hawbuck, in a far city.

Flowery and long is the wedding notice which the editor printeth. The minister getteth ten bones. The groom standeth the editor off for a twelve month subscription.
All flesh is grass and in time the wife is gathered into the silo. The minister getteth his bit. The Editor printeth a death notice two columns of obituary, three lodge notices, a cubit of poetry, and a card of thanks. And he forgetteth to read proof on the head, and the darned thing cometh out. "Gone to Her Last Roasting Place."

And all that are akin to the deceased jumpeth on the editor with exceeding great jumps. And they pulleth out their ads and cancellleth their subscriptions and they swing the hammer unto the third and fourth generations.
Canst thou beat is?—Exchange.

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